

REPORTER



EXTRA.

EDITORIAL TELEGRAMS

IMPORTANT

From the Deck of the Steamer City of Corinth
By Zion's Co-Operative Submarine
Boo Line.

LATEST NEWS FROM THE EXCURSIONISTS

CORINTH, August 10, 1870.

8 o'clock a. m.—Steamer already started, though an hour earlier than advertised—deck were crowded at daylight—many of the passengers having camped on the river bank over night, so as to be on time.

8:30—Steamer stopped to take a horn—a brass one, with a Teuton attached to it. Cries of "man overboard"—plank run out—before the forenoon—up John Heel, on all fours—Englishman sings out, "struck (h) by jelly."

8:45 a. m.—The way the steamer rounds the turns in the river, makes the passengers feel as if they were on a regular bender. Grass-hoppers detected on the lee-shore making way faces at us.

9 a. m.—Passengers called aft to lemonade and then promenade all. Stuck on a (ready) fire in the midst of an overture from the band. Aboat again glad and we're over't sure.

9:30 a. m.—First blood for one of our 'merchant prince, who shot an infantile duck in its maiden effort to swim. Great sensation! Baby' squalling—which is nothing novel. Mother yawning over a book—that is a novel thing.

10 a. m.—At the special request of a reporter of the Salt Lake Tribune, have just recited: There's Life on the Ocean Wave, and What I know about nautical matters and phrases. Toss-ted the New Move, in a glass of diluted lecture. Infant Liberals joined in, but the old stagers almost raised a meeting denouncing the sentiment.

12 m.—Nearly "half was over," having reached Promontory Point—but don't put so fine a point upon it. Strango sail in the distance—supposed to be a polygamous craft from its resemblance to a chicken-coop.

Council of war called to devise means for the capture of the piratical ranger. The battle cry to be "beauty and booty."

2 p. m.—Homeward bound! Be sure to get out an Extra of the Reporter with telegrams from the Steamer in full, and have not less than 500 copies down at the landing to sell to the excursionists as they disembark. Hy, hy. D. J. T.

Jettings About Town.

The last enemy of our cherished institution, "Polygamy," passed down the river this a. m.

The meeting of the enemies of King Alcohol adjourned at an early hour this morning to meet on Church Island at 2, p. m., today.

Delinquents, pay your subscriptions to Godble and Keleny; the Carrier is about on an excursion.

Gen. Grant will take no chances at the Arctic.

The New York Tribune has adopted the localizing style of the Reporter. New York may come out yet.

Recorder Fields announces the passage of the skunk ordinance.

John A. Crighton's light nose mule was roughed about two months ago; forward reduced one half. The mule made just as we go together.

An eminent Counsellor from Snake River says, "that in all human probability the hog will recover."

ORIGINAL POEM.

BY GEN. STEPHEN LAVIN,
Commanding Department of Bear River.

UTE UND NED.

Of all the many pretty things
That Moore and Shakespeare ever said,
There's none that with my verse compares,
In praise of Too-High's Ute and Ned,
That span of dogs is hard to beat,
For teasing steak and cheese and bread,
But when it comes to useful tricks,
You needn't call on Ute and Ned.
You cannot spin around Corinna,
By business or by pleasure led,
But, at each turn, you'll stumble on
Those precious canines—Ute and Ned,
If any man goes back on them,
I'd like to put on him a head—
I'd call my gun squad out to fight
In the defence of Ute and Ned,
And when by chance their lights go out,
Seek not to make me comforted,
But wrap me in the starry flag,
And "Put me in my little bed."

WORLD TELEGRAMS

WORLD TELEGRAMS

WORLD TELEGRAMS

WORLD TELEGRAMS

UPB